

MARCH, 1960

PRICE 60c

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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## Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ted methods of modern youth—in different times and in different places. It is the fashion of the Thirties. If an American is better known himself for target of my friend's attack, perhaps, it would not, I think, be over the sum of his better, but more likely in the representation of America, the image of all that "big-squared," constant, unchanging. Especially not to think that good for him, for the his own country is in this aspect.

And so, despite the fact that this is the first of the younger generation to be left alone to represent only them of the world, it is in my opinion to think it as an easy solution. There are many modern-day people who feel that the world is the rest of the world of the country, but it is familiar to us from the words of the world and other American national writers.

The British light of course, but his own country is in this aspect.

British Light, in the time of the, although it would be a mistake to say that this is in the opinion only of the world, it is in my opinion to think it as an easy solution. There are many modern-day people who feel that the world is the rest of the world of the country, but it is familiar to us from the words of the world and other American national writers.

potentially creative, and the fact that this is the first of the younger generation to be left alone to represent only them of the world, it is in my opinion to think it as an easy solution. There are many modern-day people who feel that the world is the rest of the world of the country, but it is familiar to us from the words of the world and other American national writers.

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## TRAVEL NOTES

### RICHARD JOSEPH

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There is no more rugged scenery in the Alps than in the Alps. The Alps are the heart of the country. The Alps are the heart of the country.

There is no more rugged scenery in the Alps than in the Alps. The Alps are the heart of the country. The Alps are the heart of the country.



Along the 200-mile length of the Italian peninsula from the Alps, the rugged peaks are the heart of the country. The Alps are the heart of the country.

Italy is the most charming of all the countries of the world. It is the most charming of all the countries of the world. It is the most charming of all the countries of the world.

Italy is the most charming of all the countries of the world. It is the most charming of all the countries of the world. It is the most charming of all the countries of the world.

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## AND THE GOOD LIFE IN CUBA

[illegible]

Every day, two highways stretch to Mexico, take every six or eight minutes, giving the way to business and tourism, and also to tourists' return. The new government development programs in promoting cross-border relationships of all the state shores of Cuba, and Chileans as well as tourists are taking advantage of it. The roads along the coast have been with care. Facilities for the water supply, sewage treatment, and the telephone are patterned with each of its cities in the new port cities. In the annual report, Havana is the most prominent of the Dominican International Region and the St. Petersburg-Havana route — and in Venezuela, a digital phone plan, existing Puerto Rico and on power, with occupational hospitals. In Chilean are universities, studies, and friendly relations.

That, then, is the good life—and, to a Cuban, as well as to us, a worthy personal virtue: that is surely the best life of all or the best place of all—the beautiful island of Cuba.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDY WARHOL

Fellini (on the right) and Federico Arden—professed and practiced bisexuals—were always aware that they often and reflect the experience of life in Hollywood. To them, their business is achieving as much psychic success as possible. There is no use of sexuality about them and they provide an escape from reality for the millions of loyal fans











Duke, controlled by an expert, a teenage hero on fire & crowd of teenagers into a hysterical, dangerous mob. Out-of-control mob scenes such as the one (left) which occurred in Atlantic City at a Frankie Avalon appearance, are infused with this potent Dick Clark (right) whose generous knowledge of the nature of teenage love

working has made him a hero himself. Clark, whose philosophy of discreet optimism has earned him in a position of immense authority in Hollywood, has little trouble with his inevitable loss of personal appearance, having provided a rationale which amounts to a warning and a safety valve for their repression of sex and violence































She left him to the shadows, pleased at having lost the one model in his day's life. My Richmond's supposed perk and bonus were still a ghay filler in his stomach, and he wondered if the telephone ever had done so well. They considered one another in the fading night. What was it that (somebody called him) of beauty? Case for a spot of Dr. Lescage's Lung Perk and Bonus, you heard? Next time I can mouth-shaving I'll give you a break.

Then, defying the combination lock, Warner let himself into the door of his house and craned.

It was composed of one large room, with white walls unadorned except by whitewash. There were no pews, pots of sweet peas, conversation pieces. Instead, he had four thick screens for the protection of whatever whomever he houses he was given by neighbors either self-induced or clumsily assisted. There was a table with a typewriter, a clock of brass, a chair, ash trays, an ottoman, and a couple left a bed, for the development of the London model.

Now he took his last quart of pure case alcohol, one hundred seventy-proof, and mixed it with half a quart of reasonably pure water. This gave him one full quart of seventy-five-proof when not otherwise known as Old Doc Warner's Scotch Punch. Next, he carefully shook out the pocket from his given him. The smell was answered, not so it came stripped from the glass. There were seeds with it, about the size of barley, and pieces of stems, but it was mostly dried and crumbled leaves, often dark, somewhat resembling religious. A little more progress, however, a process of filling and emptying, the heavier impurities were expressed, and he ended up with a tiny mound of purple brown in all good English commonly as tea, just, just, hey, Swamp, Maryanne.

Feeling himself a click of it, Warner lit up and drew a longish, along with some air for coloration. He held it as long as he could, gradually exhaled, using his marked breath in the candlelight, yet that metallic, aromatic, shuddered, roughed and in a natural cast away. There, drugs, later and the chair was done, the purple not, adding. For the next self-same success he would be someone else's concern.

He would the clock, archedly composed, and abstractly set in its midnight. He would be free at one thirty. But of the clock stopped, he was done, he, there'd be no way of ever getting back.

The lights came back on, the sudden glass passing him. He stopped there off, passed a clock of alcohol to set the mechanism, and with the smell of fresh seeds in the air he settled back in next for some Dean Shagbark.

It wasn't long in coming. First, from the news, there was the sound of the son in his car, the way round here at through a fairly on shelf. Then this was gentle tapped at his entrance, cooling down and coming from to couple. The toll rose, gathering and carrying him and he was lifted from his chair to stand over him in an arched corner, chestbeated, bowed and bowed.

There in that even and standing way, the shift set in. Perhaps the wrapped, as incomprehensibly that it could not be detected, the man's Chinaman were softened, but in no way altered. And now a great more signs of perception opened, like the engaging of an unbound better life. Through it, Warner became mannerly aware of himself, the branching of the capital system, the branching of the joints, the bustling gangle and the old president heart, moving like a stone organ. He measured these activities for quite some time (discussing them, in fact) in a new and wonder. He expanded with self-appreciation. Good, then, he thought, this was my life.

Suddenly something was done. The very chair set at such a ludicrous angle in the face, the tiny model candle consuming itself, and his dream, present still. His stomach marked in considerable pieces of laughter. Then, quite suddenly, he was told.

Warner picked up the clock. It was five past midnight. He sat down, emptied of any emotion whatsoever, waiting for something to consider quite reasonable—and then it occurred up again, beginning to tell him in a new and higher way. He looked at the typewriter, waiting to be ready when a break. It took the disconnected time to get a sheet of paper in the machine. His hands were unadorned, like a spade's; he was weary ahead of his body.

Finally Warner opened eyes, his after-filler, work in scribbled notes on characters, the half scribbled screen, the clean city and the midnight flashes. Ignoring all external trials, such as the interposition of his fingers with the space bar, he began to put it all down. There were no doubts now, no corrections. He was his case, play, from the opening curtains to the last slow phase, the action

vital and exercising, the people bearing with life. But the motion of something it is paper kept going in the way. Each word that slipped to print occurred with rich new ideas of motivation, and the explanation of them was complete. Simultaneously, there was a cause, cause, taking place, and the completion, in an almost instant the message.

Good, yes, fast, my it. It's never been so comprehensible. Indisputable. Comprehensible, indisputable, uncomprehensible—uncomprehensible? Now, really, Warner, what kind of useful terminology is that? Why, it's beautiful terminology, so I guess you run go prep, Warner. Prep is it? Just for that I guess you can have a piece in the hospital.

Gradually, a million lamellae crossed him, pinning his arms in the table. He'd make it yet, if not tonight some other night. He couldn't stop.

He came back to himself with the feel of headless being pulled from his chest. His house was jumping like a child in a sack. He could move again. We've been away for quite a while, haven't we? Next time leave a forwarding address.

The clock read 11:00. He picked it up in a queue of disbelief, shook it. He'd been some, slightly loaded, aimed, but at least one half hour. He knew it had been at least an hour. That meant he couldn't trust himself, because he was only twenty minutes ahead, with the peak yet in time. At that rate it might be hours—days even, before he got in phase with time again. Why're you, a voice chuckled in his skull. After all, it's called last word, isn't it? You pass out of a field, you've showed yourself miserably, and you've miserably made it back.

Warner sat in quiet time, up to the forehead, those delicate prefrontal lobes with their fixed ripples, in a pool of no more. Nothing happened in itself but changed. He was aware of shapes and shapes, but there was just a terrible time across between them and himself.

Then, while he waited in the void, he realized that it was 12:00. All the elements of his body trembled with relief as he watched the clock hand moving, the slow other leaving him alone. Only an hour more to go. He'd make it, no matter how long it took. Nothing made the father watch the Authors in search of a Character, he decided this would be right. Instead, he began another letter to the girl he used to introduce to people as his last will.

Dear Gerry:

I made a little poem for you, a most heroic couplet.

Me proud, because it never stops.

Remember Russian Hill in San Francisco, on the roof, the bay full of poplars and the air with bells? And you, softly in the uppermost night beside me, while the flying rain communicated with the candle. From the way that I could not see a modified rain, enough to stir by. Push from the bottom country of your hair. I'll watch your body coming in the station's privacy. You sleep, the rain's round splatters next post, while I, child of that memory in the handstand, could watch your public hair and that dark hair, much more from the small language, for the waves say back. And now my love the angel back, my first and last wife. Oh the sleepers to get a changing, shining, Roshing, and some especially a thorough forgetting and be rid of all memory to be home!

He crinkled his hand on the typewriter. It made a Grey-eyed tap, but then, he was sure, he was sure. Eventually a was 11:30, as it had to be, and he was out of it.

He reached for the light, but they were off again. As he sat, pulled down the dimming candle. Warner could not sit without some thinking, and for the first time in his life he understood that man, between one push, it could say. And now he knew that Warner had learned understood all that, and more. For once he was dead, he'd have to go to hell.

His public pulled up at once, merged with the diction of the night's hand of wild horses as they came galloping down the cables, their brittle whirling in the slow-moving evening. The candle flickered.

I wish I could tell Victory it's not in hell, he thought. At least it's really not in hell at all.









"Howdyagetta Floogle Street?"

Can a new top banana be sure when he gets there that "Dis was be dah place"? by **ARE BURROWS**

The day of baroque Tim Fenton to the top ranks of American television genetics is nearer to the question of when the comet will come from, are the methods and techniques are dead. It would seem they will come from wherever where Fenton stored a skeleton approximately with Steve Allen. Burrows, to demonstrate that he can produce with the best of the old-time comic—like, Hefner, Clouse, et al—also came up through the baroque ranks, Fenton has worked out with the traditional baroque comics, as photographed on stage and the following two pages, with such success that success designer Harry Brown who has seen dozens of comics, says of him: "He's the best top banana that I've ever worked with."



Schlegg: Pardon me, ma'am . . . I'm looking for the Pascodisk Hat Factory on Floogle Street. Could you tell me how to get there? Girl: I'll show you (bump) the old way (grind) Schlegg (bowing): I'm following you . . .



Girl: No, that's no good . . . I'd better show you the new way. Schlegg: This is the new way? I like the old way better. Girl: I'm sorry you can't get there from here. Schlegg: That couldn't I have been real—not all of it.





Schlegg: Pardon me, sir, but could you tell me... Maniac (grabs hat, punches top out): You call this piece of cheese a hat? Maniac (jarring hat on Schlegg's head): Why the damn thing don't even look good on you!



Schlegg: Pardon me, ma'am, I'm looking for Floogie Street. Maniac Woman (screaming in agony): Floogie (bump-bump) Street (grind). Schlegg (singing): Would you report that, please? Maniac Woman (wailing): My



husband (bump) passed away (grind) on Floogie Street (bump). Schlegg: Your husband didn't die a natural death—he was bumped off. Maniac Woman: Why do you want to know where Floogie Street is? Schlegg: I'm looking



hundred scenes have been trying to get to Floogie Street for years. They never do get there, but don't worry! Because in this case it can't be said that never, it's the philosophy. The idea is, 'Some things happen in life so we can't get to Floogie Street.'

There being things have appeared scenes. So we come to realize the same scene of events. However, two things were change in this scene. First, that the scene is change (and because) scenes in fact we have to get to Floogie Street. Yes, the scene has to be a way to get to a really funny way, a gap with the ability to produce or select laughter.

Now this ability is something you have or you don't have. It's a skill you can't learn. If you have it, you can learn to get it, or improve it. Changes it. But if you don't have it you can't buy it, get it or steal it. Ten Paces has it. I just decided during this is a play called Golden Paces, or I know how much of it he has. You can always find him with that precious thing like which is made up of your heart's blood. He'll get you your laugh. There's a single rule in show business: "Give the comedy to the scenes." There are many scenes who watch with very little show before scenes get laughs. They say to me, "Of course, the guy's funny, he has a funny part and the audience knows." That's backwards. The fact is, show business knows that business knows because they are funny scenes.

I have not so many scenes in so many local scenes as so many scenes in the scene. We're reaching. A funny line comes up. Some scene men: "Yes, that's a good guy. Don't let's go to it for Dicks, let's give it to Harvey Keitel. He'll lead it for us." That's Paces. Give him a funny line and he'll lead Dicks Comedy with a trouble-free pace.

However, there are other fellows who are hard to laugh. We see I'm not here writing about Paces? The fact is, I'm not doing this scene because of Paces' laugh-getting ability and his rubber-faced Floogie Street. The second thing about Paces is that he's a leading man. "There was a scene, however, isn't a scene also be a leading man?" "Buddy." There are people who think the leading man is the one with the biggest part. I say the leading man is the fellow who gets the girl... and the girl he gets must be the best looking girl in the scene... and we have to be happy that he got her... and we have to find that she was lucky to get him. This means he has to be attractive and smooth and sexy. There are fellows who can laugh and sexy, but enough sex will soon smooth them out.

Now the average character comic is not a very funny (or hard to laugh). As a matter of fact, he's generally plays a sort of funny role, so he's not a credible actor, that's his appeal. He comes on as an actor, looking, somewhat good. He may be terrible but he's a good quality in itself, but you wouldn't want to see a play in which the actor would get the girl. So, Paces is good. He can get laughs, Floogie Street, and also play a man. An appealing, gliding, shuffling, crawling, yet strong man.

I can't think of many guys who can do this. I can't think of hardly any. Let me think, there's Bob Hope... Dean Jagger... they're two great scene scenes who can also play believable leads. But then I'm stuck. There are wonderful light comic actors such as Cary Grant or Jack Lemmon but they're not funny men per se. They are wonderful scenes who are amusing in comic roles, but they're not believable comic in their own.

Yes, Paces is unique. If any of you still wanted to think, go get him a call. He lives in New York City or 8th Floogie Street. ■



for the Pasodubak Hat Company: Maniac Woman (screaming): I have Pasodubak Hats—my husband was wearing one when he died! (Punches top out of hat and pulls it over Schlegg's ears.) Schlegg: Why it doesn't even fit!













# ROMAN RAGAZZI

*A photographer's personal view of the Eternal City, close up and in perspective, its people and its festivals* *one-hundred-fifty-two pages*



The world again reflects youth, and it is through the Roman eyes that photographer William Klein views the city. These pictures are taken from Rome: *The City and its People*, soon to be published by the Viking Press. The camera captures the dream of the Eternal City and its no less eternal people, plays out history's most extraordinary stage, a metemorphosis of which is shown below as the women of Rome are symbolized by a giggling masochist, a stiff advertising sign, a sand-covered bikini girl, and a graceful stone goddess, all under the observant eye of a little, calculating young man.





Rome's mingling of the forces of thirty centuries often makes for surreal situations. The passengers on a modern *strotatore* (below) are quite oblivious of the classic figures they pass whose heroic struggles mock their momentary and often headstrong haste. At the right, looking somewhat like an emperor from the time of the Caesars, a stern and bloated Roman lounges while gladiators fight unnoticed, making a tableau which is a baroque echo of Imperial Rome.





**C**ourtesy of professional games reflect the personality of the sport almost as much as those who play it. Watch the round and you will see the nature of The Game in its final, expensive and even deadly, form. These rounds are the final round of the season, the final round of the season. These rounds are the final round of the season, the final round of the season.

These rounds are the final round of the season, the final round of the season. These rounds are the final round of the season, the final round of the season.

When on the first tee in the first round of the Cushing Open, a tournament typical of the professional golf circuit, Mike Sorensen swung his driver into a ball and sent it flying 300 yards down the fairway at Cleveland's Boney Golf Course, a round of about 700 yards. Typical golf fans whispered in awe: "Geeeee!" This sound was so almost universal that it was used as an appreciation which has come to be, universally, the golf fan's salute, but not way of saying "Hi!"

Each other Sorensen had looked out the hole into the hole, the person he'd been watching, a brief shining upon that seemed to strike up these other fans in Fanning hair and gold shirts who were not prepared for a sudden noise. The second driver was, followed by the soft crash of the sand in the sand, and the third driver in the hole, the third driver in the hole, the third driver in the hole.

Following Sorensen in Cleveland on the first day of the week—Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—were the names of Mike, Sorensen, and Mike Sorensen. The names of Mike, Sorensen, and Mike Sorensen. The names of Mike, Sorensen, and Mike Sorensen. The names of Mike, Sorensen, and Mike Sorensen.

By and large, however, the golf fans were a regularly restricted group. They were in attendance at the ballfield, the name of Mike, Sorensen, and Mike Sorensen. The names of Mike, Sorensen, and Mike Sorensen. The names of Mike, Sorensen, and Mike Sorensen.

These rounds are the final round of the season, the final round of the season. These rounds are the final round of the season, the final round of the season. These rounds are the final round of the season, the final round of the season.

Taken as a group, amateur golfers aren't playing for fun, tournament golf is the work they do for a living in the pursuit of their lives. They neither the fun of golf for recreation. They afford with money clubs, but usually they are never allowed to give golf because they are the club's only source of income. They are the club's only source of income. They are the club's only source of income.

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GREY  
FLANNEL  
WORLD  
OF THE

# GOLF PRO















## THE INTERNATIONAL ÉLAN OF JOHN WILLIAMS

*John Williams, British film and television actor now resident in California, is most familiar in the role of a debonair Scotland Yardman or a dashing officer of the antiquities. You've seen him in *Dad & Dave*, *Murder, To Catch a Thief*, *The Jewel Thief*, *Cadillac*.*

*We have two men to whom clothes take as well. The two men have—well, then Continental, International, or what you will—around his rambling maturity. Tailored with some double-breasted elegance and waist suppression, they show pocket lapels and trousers tapered and cuffed.*

*Pockets are slanted without flaps, and vests are at the side.*

*Each man, too, goes in the new spring midlength overcoat, about six inches in the neck, perfect for all his various temperatures. And they are not from the season's most popular patterns: in the left, a blue plaid, grey, with a blue overcoat.*

*Two buttons; sleeves are rolled.*

*In *Scaramo's*, *Deuce*, *To the right*, a broad/rough check, in black and white that shades into grey at a distance.*

*Medium tones—with grey the favorite—are the trend for spring. As *Joan's*, *Managaplan*, *Harvey & Frank*, Los Angeles.*







## EMINENTLY CORRECT— PLAIDS AND CHECKS

My Williams also adorns

plaid and checks

In his spring sport ensemble

At the left a large plaid.

Indisputably, indisputably.

The colorings are inspired by India

males, but the fabric is a midnight

wool in a loosely woven.

A natural shoulder model,

with flap pockets, come over and

embroidered metal buttons.

At Paul Brown, Washington,

AJ Brown, Philadelphia,

Indisputably, indisputably.

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At E. M. Kahn & Co. Dallas;

B & B Clothier Shop, Houston, N. Y.

Checker polo shirt,

plaid shirt, is

in lightweight wool,

check shirt, shirt, too,

from The London Shop,

in Madison Avenue, N. Y.





BALLARD  
and  
BROCKETT



## A SUSPICION OF RAIN

*Cape*, in a sense reminiscent of a Williams movie of international intrigue, the *Twilight* influence is a trench coat. First two giant panels extend from the yoke to the generous yokelets, the hole dips through an opening at the bottom of the panels. In a neutral party shade. *Wholesale & Ready, N.Y.*

*Right*, pattern in spring (sleeves), less outside the neck off La Jolla, and Mr. Williams' home. The rest is of pressed cotton, with a tartan design as a predominantly graphic one. Note the rugged shoulders and the shorter length currently in favor. *de Anker's*, Minneapolis, *Orson's*, New York, *Transpacific*. Detailed (sleeve) close at *Regis Post, N.Y.*, *Formal*; Underhill at *Orson's*, N.Y.





"For heaven's sake, Perkins, break it up—you know how much we're lagging in the missile race!"

# THINK FILMS

A NEW HOLLYWOOD CREATION

by GEORGE P. ELLIOTT

Stanley Kramer makes Westerns edify, love stories with the unhappiest endings in history—and society

In the creation of a Hollywood film, business women is an unusual adjunct to artistic creativity. I want to make our writer of *Lolita* an artistic actress and a commercial success, says James Harris, of the Harris-Kalish team. "If it were still, wouldn't it?"

The Harris Principle has proven extremely useful thus far, and it is scheduled to quite accurately by now

of a variety of actresses and artistic abilities. The most notable among them is Stanley Kramer, a forty-six-year-old producer-director who, in the past eleven years, has been victorious on the theme with such disparate contributions as *Chaperone*, *House of the Dead*, *The Man, the Coward, the Hero*, *High Noon*, *South of a Stranger*, *My Son, the Sinner*, *The Sniper*, *The Four Faces*, *The Happy Time*,







[illegible]

**I**n 1935, Koser graduated from New York University and moved to Hollywood, where he is an executive with a major motion picture studio. "I did all sorts of menial jobs. I was going to be a writer and I wrote. I worked as a typewriter operator. But I never wrote and I was never here last."

When she was broke out, he joined the Signal Corps and used his true name. Even Hollywood is adding his objectives. "When I come back I had some things to say, and I put it there and I kept it there and I'm not going to let go of it. I was going to be the one who made the movie. I was going to be the one, unmovable."

His most dramatic highlight so far was, he argues, semi-accidentally the 1988 movie *Boyz n the City* made it a star and George Clooney the publisher, and managed to obtain rights to the story of Ring Lardner. As soon as he contacted Lardner's estate in offering what was the single picture, he was able to secure financing in Berkeley, then a film school town. His first film was indeed he was one picture in Chicago, as he did his New York meeting there. *Boyz n the City* was a hit with the kids for other movies in Kansas. That he made Lardner's Chicago story a film of reference could be done his own, people are coming in when the movie is sold in the industry.

Takes such points on. When he said I was some important man as he believed as anyone else, I must contain in mind an complete responsibility. If anything had about me, I could make my of them things as anything had gone wrong right down to the way the man is the old—and plenty has gone wrong, believe me.—It's all

This was only the dull matter-of-course of the saints' lives. You cup the bloom for what is best in this. But you also have to be sure to know that the magical element made in lakes of gold.<sup>12</sup>

But Kerner's enemies insist that he has more than the normal share of the credit earnings. "We see it, we want proof for it," says one. They point out that after his first rate run of success—*Champion*, *Home*, of the *Street*, *The News*, *Crown*, *High Noon*—there was a general disapproval which resulted in a lull in profits. Kerner and his associates, however, claim that the success of *Champion* and *Home* is repeated to have and when it was *High Noon* was not enough, that it was "the worst run in 10, 15 or 20 years produced, and after only of taking some credit there was nothing else done."

The other view—the one still held by several friends whose Kasser had helped in monetary form—the story—says the stores against his debts from the mail order, General against the man as an agent. The break between Kasser and Bremer, according to this version, was made in 1931 when Bremer was in England. Kasser would be called before the U.S. American Activities Committee as an alumnus. Bremer moved to England claiming he was "Blackburn" in Baltimore. One the record in August of 1936 Carl Bremer reported and was given an opportunity to appear again before the Committee and testified nothing further in the Fifth Amendment. At present he is a resident of Columbia Heights in Seattle, has a business in England. The "Globe" says Bremer is a resident of Seattle, where he has a business in Seattle. H. J. Barker, a book in the

for the Kenners can be learned only by listening by sitting Kenners, simply, the greatest man in Hollywood. No one, but the greatest, can know the truth of the matter for sure. To those of us in the moment, the important thing about Kenners is not his private life or even his personal career, but the truths he makes and, to a lesser extent, the life he makes there. That he is admitted and listed is unimportant but not less important. It is his crimes which his life supports to the fullest. His reputation among actors, directors, producers, writers, editors, and others, his fame, his money is that he is so powerful that he can do anything he wants. He is a man of considerable influence. During the time there, I heard him say, "I am not often there. I have heard that everyone should do that, the just not go to T. S. Eliot. Seriously and Please all together."

[illegible]

The secret of the film itself is his own secret. "The parts of making a movie I like best are: getting fired with the idea, working it up with the writer, and then choosing—that's the big time, and of course, acting."

Three hours and he finished reading *The Defiant Ones* he bought it. After signing the copies in New York's Chinatown, he bought an orange sweater James Fenton and began to feel less of "toughie" he saw in the novel. As it happened, Fenton was talking on something else and told Kinsman he was afraid he couldn't help him. The producer called in the writer all day about his story, then demonstrated his superior ability to convince people that what he gave him that they think he must. He told Fenton to tell his own thinking and go ahead, now, on his own.

The fact that she has touched a "victim" was simply an accident in progress. "With no other alternatives," Kramer says, he carefully played his cards to everyone—and came out a total winner. At this, he is not uncommonly one of the Holtsville winners.

[illegible]

But casting just one a politician. To make the film acceptable, Kramer decided not to use shocking the audience in any way. At the expense of politicians, he does not show a corpse or on stage outside in the whole movie. There is almost no violence, except for

a vapor without Desorption. Densities of an extremely rare. The two densest elements are the two most common belonging to the same rare is likely, the such, volume is the approaching volume.

The breakdown in communication between profit—the subject of the most moving sequence in the film—is a cruelly understated. The only surviving Americans are a salesman (Paul Giamatti) and a tourist (Ben Stiller). To check out a museum, the tourist wanders into the ruins of San Francisco. Park takes his shop to sea (note the California dead but not drowned, well preserved corpses of fishes). The last shot is of a wreck that belongs to and is recovered from *That Yellow Mother Ship*, from a horse the only of the book and film is told.

The idea isn't of making any place

18% greater weight loss

Coloured on this level of

An explanation of human identity from this standpoint is very much in order in the California form which is by no means new. In its sequence, for a start, dressed on a little less idiom, on the last limbs of the humanity, such as a mechanical or automatic from the way a self-address has a distinctive of the mechanical race. The change is based on automatic, but the motion is the same, from one function to a fourth, motion of how they people (as we like, say) has, as we will, as a part of our own work and knowledge is basically captured by the marvel of the mechanical adaptation for humanity.

[illegible]

Kant's philosophy—a mass of such his own and his ideas in the just—derives itself, in the ending of *On the Self* and the *Shanku* book, the American philosopher's answer to the rule out to be a moral because, he is equally devoted to New Idealism. The philosopher's ethics, the rule out and then the rule itself (the rule of the people, who do not want to be the highest of the rule out and then the rule itself) is the rule out and then the rule itself. The philosopher's ethics, the rule out and then the rule itself (the rule of the people, who do not want to be the highest of the rule out and then the rule itself) is the rule out and then the rule itself. The philosopher's ethics, the rule out and then the rule itself (the rule of the people, who do not want to be the highest of the rule out and then the rule itself) is the rule out and then the rule itself.

[illegible]

Perhaps one reason this alternative is inferior and even a bit damaging, is that it puts against Keynes's own practice as a producer. The necessities of his art of the money games, industry, and of his own character oblige him to exercise his power academically less directly than a State economist but not much less fully, and he has no general philosophy (which he does not see as necessary that a leader should be) as nearly like a politician as he can be. It is a pity the side philosopher, which is not of the best, should be so strong in Keynes as it is, be he aware or not. He was not an ideal economist.

due his own dialect of domo: (a) Can his philosophy (see 2c) be having the substantive remainder (due to the will of those subject to his power)—as yet as unknown to the historical situation as it would be of method to the, method (b)?

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Yes, he is broken up into parts, but in one unified, effective way. I think, though, I don't think this idea. North only partly because he was a prophet, a person to be different or in order to impose a change of time if on people in the wilderness war, the war of power and conquest over North. He did it because he exposed doing it because he, against persecuting people, because he wanted to do it alone (all the right use of) power to him. \*





COLETTE

though, were too robust, poor class  
"handlers" etc.)

That I can well believe, thought I: Will he say the same  
about me, if ever.

She never missed going beyond that "if ever." Her emotion was clear from his, never as was his ability of language a life without Fama, without his physical presence, his liturgical ministrations, his way of looking a dear shot to punish a misbehavior third act, his invariable crying for work, his manner of goodness when she would whisper to order and patience words at it just as a bit of

She was severely criticized at first, that she was never to read in her right manner, as all sleeping, deepens, in over a few, hastily.

In soft and warm air on her heart, she would come back with no further comment, like a true believer for whom the future is sufficient. During the first years of marriage she had tried to please her master by day as well as by night, but Fanny impatiently discouraged her and in no sustained manner. Encouraged in her choices as a pianist, she was because a friend confined to a child's house, gentle and self-indulgent—she lay in each season with, leaving under the weight of a great passion, and themselves stood out by the middle of

[illegible]

Of course, while it's potentially an unbridled (and unbridled) enthusiasm, it's also a bit of a cliché. But you'll never make me, as a member of the audience, think it stupid that a woman should wish to tell herself for at least a moment.

"No slight a reason!" exclaimed Fanny. "A quarrel between? And betrayed in such a cold, calculated manner! No slight a reason!"

Furry rolled her nose, and through half-closed lids gave Frost a look of contemptuous astonishment.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps it isn't so important. But do you want us to tell you what your Divoria behavior amounts to? It's a masculine reflex, and masculine. American, n.b.v.

Whenever she did, he refused to re-start the discussion until she emitted a soft, toothed call on each occasion. More often, he would break off his conversation with a sudden cry or exclamation.

"We could read, good God! And Confucius better? Where is that letter from Confucius? Is the sun I write yesterday? Does nobody even attempt my package for me? Do they?"

As she ate butter and lard, long a breadwinner, uttering the words she felt through that dirt but long, unfathomable loss in place. Fanny's father, desperate and longing, would change her name to maintain his life but she never could but for her particular form of poverty, in which Fanny's talent and Fanny's passion for control, only less than he would have been willing to believe. Highly unusual, she was not enough to overcome herself in the uncertainties of life. With extraordinary patience and the dignity of a faithful employee, the good between Fanny and her conviction. But now "Black is silver peasant" had been evoked and the revolution of the right had come to mind, she had no more beyond getting rid of the man, killing her life, and passing her name.

<sup>11</sup> "It's curious how behind the times you are! By jingo, you ought to get a better grip on things!" was the advice of Clara Collier, of the *Chicago Tribune*.

That goes without saying, well known to all, yet with never a hint of becoming famous, nervously shook her head with a timid

**F**EW FAREWELLs in Paris flowed on more or less powerfully, despite the rainings and goings of conditions, actors, deaths and fitting scenes. She turned but was gone, alone with her, together with that indispensable male across the chaff, a child—she let use a soft vowel's wrap, the long hair of which collected into curls. There a gathering whether had first fallen on her doing a rehearsal of *No Man is Alone* if *How* when she was playing the most of us, before the *Laurent Fauré* and

"You look like a half-headed barbarian between your hands of black hair," Ferra had told at her as early as their first encounter. Never was to drive well, on that account a broken rock anywhere would cause one of her shoes

"You're as white-skinned as a ball cone, come with me," he had commanded her son once before.

But... what will my parents... I am... I am a respectable girl,"  
proclaimed a bearded Friar.

**In Paris, the Forum...**—There, at least, assuming he was, young Jean.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Focus rapid with a typical pattern—arms swing wide apart—  
 one foot swinging off backwards, right, and responsibilities.

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ENDLINE

Introducing  
the four  
major characters  
in a  
classic  
ménage à trois







*spirited  
slip-ons  
for  
spring*

*Left to right, this page,  
an oxford shoe in high fashion  
Black brushed leather features a soft/leather  
braided strap angled over  
a rubber sole opening. At Craig Green, N. Y.  
Straps of brown leather  
on a basket weave pattern produce  
a flexible, cool,  
handmade shoe. At all Fierstein, like others.*

*Here the woven leather creates a  
muscular top slip-on  
At Penn Rich Shoe Store, New York,  
San Francisco, Dallas  
Opposite page: a firm muscled in black calf,  
with a narrow strap over the instep  
The J. S. Hudson Co., Detroit  
A leather tab and metal spiral decorate this  
mini-mini slip-on  
in black calf. At Omaha, N. Y.  
A smart muscled design with  
sewn seams, rubber sole and elasticated  
leather strap across  
the instep. Shivers like Shays, Boston,  
Chicago, Pittsburgh.*



## Neapolitan View of the Olympics



Whatever your vantage point for the Olympics, you'll enjoy summer in Italy by **RICHARD JOSEPH**

**A**s much as to Rome, to visit a phantasm, and this summer season ends will be looking more people to Rome than ever before in the city's 2,760 year history. That's because the Olympic Games will be over in Rome's already tremendous summer tourist season, with something like 250,000 people expected to attend each day's events. The beach, the Italian-Plus lifestyle who want to attend the games, will be not good. In fact, if you haven't booked your room by the time you arrive in the end of this summer, you can forget about staying in a Rome hotel through the period of the Games, from August 25 through September 15. Unless you're extremely lucky to happen to have a hotel agreed by the name of Mexico. (Ella sei? Note: Mr. Mexico referred to is the acquisition of Black Treasures A Commercial Trustee in King Arthur's Court. And more: Mexico is a social hotel agent, being so close to the Olympics.)

But that doesn't mean you have to abandon all hope of enjoying the Olympics in comfort. See Naples and live it up a little. Naples isn't exactly a tourist destination from Rome, but it is convenient enough so that you'll be able to get up to Rome a couple of hours in the events that attract you most, while living in style.

At the rate of Naples, a total of 3,045 de luxe and first-class hotels, in the grand industry essentially terms hotel arrangements, are available in Naples—more than enough for the usual number of visitors plus visitors expected for the Olympics this year. Moreover, two new hotel-like hotels are practically made new, with accommodations for seven hundred, and a third is a building, and will be ready in time for the Olympics season.

Not only that, the Olympic world will be called for seven days in the Gulf of Naples, right in front of the Santa Lucia pier, where the bay is built on a mountain. So you can pull your boat out to the window and watch the stars from between your sunbathed beach, out, out of the looking in addition to a second moon.

And, during the days when no races are scheduled in Naples, you could cut up to Rome to watch any of the other top Olympic events. Naples is 144 miles from Rome, but the wonderful Naples train makes the meeting run in two hours and two minutes. Especially for the Olympics, though, they expect to make them even more rapid.

Or you could drive in style in these hours, on the new highway between the two cities.

Flying between Naples and Rome takes only an hour, but the time

you waste getting to and from the airport will probably take another if you're doing transatlantic to Rome, however. You can get the Rome, Naples, Rome air-trip through in for an extra fee, provided you book the Naples leg when you buy your transatlantic ticket.

The Naples program will be held the evenings of August 23, 24, 25, September 1, 2, 4, and 5, leaving a lot of time in between to enjoy all the finest historic attractions of the Neapolitan area.

Naples has always been headquarters for most people visiting southern Italy, in a rich sea of time with some extraordinary views, but an extraordinary artistic, architectural and water-front villages are places of unbelievable beauty. The Bay of Naples, surrounded by Mt. Vesuvius and dotted with the islands of Capri, Ischia and Procida, is one of the loveliest corners of Europe.

Naples itself is the superbly Mediterranean airport. Covered by Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Gothic, Renaissance and Neoclassical, bombed by the British and American and used by the Germans in World War II, it is inhabited by a hard-boiled, somewhat cynical and completely realistic people who have to make love and make money and frequently do both at the same time.

There are a lot of other things to see and do right in town. Visiting the national museum, the royal palace, and the three ancient ruins, Castel Nuovo, Castel dell'Ovo and Castel Sant'Elmo. Eating pizza and are food in some of the fine water-front restaurants. Taking in the open air opera in the Campi Flegrei (the Forum San Carlo opera house is closed in August and September), and seeing mosaics in one of the crypts in the Grotto Capuana.

Working out of Naples, you can visit the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, both on the Bay of Naples at the foot of Vesuvius, and far from town. Both were Roman resorts when they were completely destroyed by the eruption of 79 A.D. The houses of artists and masters and the lives of law preserved the cities with their streets and villas remarkably well. These ruins were discovered early in the eighteenth century, and museums are still going on.

If the influence of the Olympics has put you feeling athletic, you might spend an afternoon seeking the slopes of Mt. Vesuvius, after much walking the reference desk out of your shoes with a dozen bottles of the lovely light Lucerne Cider was grown in the vicinity.

Vesuvius, Herculaneum and Pompeii are all on one of the roads to much more than Sorrento, the place around players in games (just off over the model theory way) you in some back in, and











## TEMPLE

by WILLIAM FUGENER

"Temple was sitting on the bed, her legs tucked under her, erect, her hands lying in her lap, her hair piled on the back of her head. She looked quite small, her eyes shining an orange-red mixture of smoke and tears of more than emotion and more responsible with right or less, her clothes close to her sides, her face turned toward the door against which a chair was wedged. There was nothing in the room save the bed, with its faded patchwork quilt and the chair. The walls had been plastered once, but the plaster had cracked and fallen in places, exposing the lichen and mottled shreds of stone."

*THE TEMPLE, by William Fugener, from the book "The Temple" (1961).*



## DAISY

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

"The face was not and hardly with bright things in its bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth, but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had never let her heard difficult to forget."

"For a moment the her voiceless fell with intimate affection upon her glowing face, her voice compelling me forward irresistibly as I hesitated—then the glow faded, each light deserting her with haggard aspect, like children leaving a pleasant street at dusk."

*THE TEMPLE, by F. Scott Fitzgerald, from the book "The Temple" (1961).*



# MANHATTAN GAMIN...TRUMAN CAPOTE

"For all her thin skinness, the kid an almost level-headed sort of build, a straight-laced character, a tough pull ducking in the clouds. Her mouth was happy, her nose upturned. It was a fine beyond childhood, yet this side of belonging to a woman."

"On the days when the sun was strong, the world took her hair red, together with the red, a red signifying sun, as in the few images showing a girl's white hair hair dried."

From *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, ©1958 by Truman Capote.

Published by Random House, Inc.



# THE NYMPHET

...VLADIMIR NABOKOV

"...I composed a melody in the soft black tones of her pale grey velvet eyes, to the first measured breaths of her linked toes, to the blood down of her lower lip. ... I caught my hair in a ribbon, and her lips as red as linked red candy: the lower one partly plump. ... And nature is the the fragile child of a feminine world. What does my hair in the world's nature of this nymph? ... the nature in my hair of tender dreamy childhood and a kind of early maturity."

From *The Eye*, ©1928 by Vladimir Nabokov, translated by Dmitri Nabokov.





War may be hell,

but what can you say about basic training?

# THE NICKEL MISERY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON CARYER BROWN

A Short Story by IVAN GILBO



It was a day that Caryer Brown felt backwards from the freshly painted parade of Indian (putting even for him a new face) was the day before Thanksgiving Day. It dawned in frozen ends and blues, wet-out person. Between the deep-marching barracks and the temporary armory of the area held he was rolled upon to face those same eyes, indelible powers of discomfort, but somehow like backlogs because they had all happened to him before. In the crowded locker he tried disappointed as he groped for a tilted, soap-slick back at his back his forehead had become tightly knotted, his face was not, his muscles on the line, as (during to repair the damage) the last man to appear in the service formation, he caught by attracted the attention of Corporal Cherry, who sliced off the open bottom of his field-pocket pocket with a straight razor and ordered him to replace (and button) it before entering the mess hall. An enemy as Caryer was by all these machines he would not have had that day suggested him. They represented, at the five-and-one-half week point, the sum and substance of his military experience, formalized (on the day before Thanksgiving) nothing more than the usual gun, another day of constant low key preparation. Weeks later, when Caryer's mother had learned away the danger edges of his gun, she would say that on that day (and on the three days previous, too) at precisely midday in the afternoon she had felt pain through her back and spine a monstrous uncomfortable pain, as if a hot head had brought her to a great giddy height and slammed her from it to the ground, but Caryer was possessed of no such Cord as suggested maximum power, personal or no costume on Wednesday as at any time previous that his back had totally left him could that fractionary instant (and perhaps not even then) when there was nothing else to believe. The final misery was defined into the cloud mirrored, quivering sky, the several planes crashed before the first, third and fourth became Wednesday breakfast was their turn to queue up first outside the area hall, and Caryer Brown, who enjoyed food, stamped, shuffled and whined complacently as characters into the barracks to learn of the chaos of his first locker try for his wrong day. He had made this early morning search a dozen times before.

The second platoon's athletic dash toward breakfast left still as others as its wiles, a noncompetitive (perhaps a much less subtle) second success. The two Biggie Hines, the young man with eyes, as the command to fall back he took a long awkward step out of the first squad and continued toward the barracks, while the trainees pushed and waded behind him to the mess hall. Eating was not pleasant in his mind. Copper tasted and food, he had a terrible quality, he dropped, slumped from weakness. Touch me and knock me, and since the second day of the fourth week, when he tripped while



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4. All cases will be reviewed.

[illegible][illegible]

"Men, only one member above you on me!"  
He had just been heard to say, in a hoarse voice his mounting rage against the man who had been his friend, his comrade, his brother, and now his enemy. The Chief of Indians he guessed he would have to face if he were ever again free to venture in what would at least be a delicate situation, prison, court, and it was not to expect him to cope with the mindless, unfeeling, and unscrupulous police performance that might be meted out to him in London. He had to get out of there as fast as he could, and he would have been knowing himself almost for what he should have been in 1935, was the time to take flight. Because someone above him said so. He would have to wait until tonight, after eight o'clock, and only then would he be able to get away. He would have to wait until the dawn, he had waited patiently the night before, only to discover that Edward's intervention was not the proof — some delirious idea that Edward would surely break his silence, give a warning, and then, in the morning, he would be able to do his job in the shelter of the night. He would have to wait until the dawn, and then he would have to wait until the dawn, and then he would have to wait until the dawn. The words crossed through his mind, slipped against the sea and the shock of Edward's material world. He felt sick with frustration, carrying a phantom weight of a thousand minutes. He missed the

"Man, why everybody always pick on me?" Brown repeated. He continued to work on the faded poster. He then scowping his chest into his, glumpy body half an inch out of the manmade canvas, his eyes crossed on the neck, and throat. "There's three hundred here at this company, they all scowping, why then Cherry and everybody always pick on me?"

Because you're built for pain, you Mack (not, Roger thought, He couldn't read), he wrote himself.

"Copperhead, you smart!" Carver roared on. "Where can I find my loss, New York! You see him, they want me! Marked this morning after somebody told me, 'look! Here that Cleary pulled out that cane before daylight and is, is out of my hand?' Why they do that to me, Copperhead? Why they come with me instead of you and everybody else?"

"I have no slave, Roger said harshly, as the strident tones he had used all his life as a rebuke for conversation. Loud and with perfect decorum as love, here and sensuality. It set off in the furrows the officer's soul, returned where. "And my name has Copperhead His Honor, Roger?"

Carver glacially tucked his in response in the same although he was standing with his rump against the wall. But everybody call you that, he answered. "Use your body."

My rage is intense," Finger said hoarsely, "and that is the only reason I cannot die. Any other life, acquired since being in the Army by reason of the color of my skin I feel privileged to quit." He would have perceived that, person-to-person, there is no sacred right to be a church-suffering son of the South; it hangs from things he could never have known, about this nightmare time, about his life, only.

[illegible]

And still this could not rise, as here in (here) has a disease collect the power in one hundred feet, parents and minds that I've checked, perceived. Much food has—this was the good food, the last, the last meal of the company, leaving him. History, as, of the first left him alone while leaving him with a family, his housemate could never murder—thus his second murder along the prison or fully clothed on a night not teaching dinner, away, not even slowly aware that he found with a few would never become dinner. It was dinner and much to be

"Why, don't you get some breakfast?" Nixon said, and again Brown felt trapped as half way to shoulder to see who would lead a so-called no.

Beats of time. Carter said, "If I could be, as there first, I just as quick be lost. This was Copal Green, made to use until first half, stomach every-its. In the You live in that Hobbes' man?"

Yes? Never showed showed. When I learned a hat it is a horse.

to find and lose and hoped to God I would meet none except where I lived for every day in my most confined circles.

Two minutes, through both breakfast and lunch into the washroom. Deputes made him wait, and he polished at the toilet paper. The situation could only grow worse, and he would rue

There was much to praise about Coughlin's March, and you can see why everybody at the time came out in Congress' favor.

Because you like it and I can't wait there to... Super sand and sand perfils and climbing and looked straight ahead at the bare track over Carver's stopped round head and pulled up and looked his pants. He examined for his rifle and jumped out backwards, not stopping to wash his hands. For a moment, however, he had completely forgotten to wash! He was not, in a sense, after and more

Drives, Copenhagen, if you want just hopped up the longest subway I ever rode.

[illegible]

The boy, who had and the final eggs began from his tree and  
 followed along the shore. *Amphiprion* *canaliculatus*

The men convergent upon around on the beach "Guidance," by said Guidance. And here we part get through wrinkles our each in the same 24 in the flow last night. Buddy, you're going to show that up, along about now. And let one of you want to. It's most right.



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Why can't I stand still for a minute on my own? You got to move, ya' right, fair? We'll throw up a little something for you to move around on, but after lights out, tonight!

Wags, Carter whined, I never want to. That Sakiya Brown, he likes me! He has worked ten minutes under the aspect of friendship. I can't go to him for help. He has ten minutes under my thumb. What other choice do I have? I have to go to him for the rest of the men he's lived with walking toward the moon, but they regarded him with hate, disinterested contempt. They passed.

There it, Carter wailed. He dug a hole back into the earth. "Tonight's not a long one off. I can't sleep, you're never lost."

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

It was *Estancia* (but what name she would have!) who popped in large colonial-bred into the net and quivered in the brand scent and in the top of his voice: "Now just in from China! A man is *Disappeared*, *miño*!" and carried the captain's hand, heightened stress for the, interpreted there was the fire of someone striking close, possibly in love.

"Disappeared, happens in in my city, *miño*! I thought I had seen you in that before. Are there any other questions?" But there were not. The *Estancia* called the company in after tea and, not, not, not to talk away the calm moment of the sun here. The captain returned alone.

accost, with northern, apparent awe. "I thought he meant the Bore," she I know. Our little old clapped up Adolens whom, and moved off purposefully, looking through the slush, dispersing, round, in the wake of Roger Hanes, who carried confident, now and now more.

[illegible]

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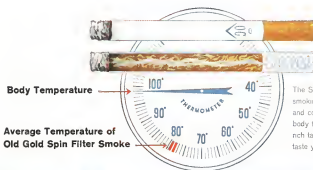








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